

Hog Creek Review



Impossible

Allusion of losing is lost
Am I broke like a plastic toy?

I dominate my nemesis
second drowns and drains the blood.

winning climbs out of my crackled soul.
Speedily sweat seeps carving the prize.

All people shredded on sand.
Standing complete.

Doubt believes I will flail and falter.
The winners circles embraces me.

first without fear
Risk inscribes one in flesh.